

AN E L E G I E

On Coronel B L O O D,

Notorious for Stealing the Crown, &c. Who Dyed the

Twenty Sixth of August, 1680.

THanks ye kind Fates, for your last Favour shown
Of stealing *B L O O D*, who lately stole the Crown;
We'l not exclaim so much against you since;
As well as *BEDLOE*, you have fetcht him hence,
He who ha been a Plague to all Mankind:
And never was to any one a Friend,
Nay to himself such torment was at last,
He wisht his Life had long ago been past.
For who can bear, a discontented mind
Or any Peace with an ill Conscience finde,
Thro' his whole Life, he practis'd Villany
And Lov'd it though he nothing got thereby;
At first uneasy at the Kings return
With secret malice his bold heart 'did burn.
Against his Sovereign, and on pretence
He had much wrong'd his Feign'd Innocence;
To *IRELAND* went, and several ways did try
Rather then he would unrevenge'd Dye,
To vent his Malice on His *MA J E S T Y*.
But finding there all his attempts prove vain,
To *ENGLAND* forthwith he returns again,
And after some small time, he had Liv'd here
The first Great thing in which he did appear,
Was rescuing from Justice *CAPTAIN MASON*,
Whom all the *WORLD* doth know, r'have been a base one
The next ill thing he Boldly undertook,
Was Barbarously seizing of a *DUKE*.
Whom as he since confes'd, he did intend
To Hang for Injuries he did pretend:
The *DUKE* had alone him, though the World does know
His Grace was ne're to a Good Man a Foe:
Having through all, his many well spent Days;
Serv'd His *KING* and Country, several ways
And Patiently his troubles underwent,
Finding a sweetness, ev'n in Banishment
And Death, he Patiently wou'd have endur'd,
The *KINGS* Restoring cou'd he have secur'd:
A *DUKE*, who being by Providence preserv'd
Hath begot Sons; who Valiantly have serv'd.
His *MA J E S T Y*, and Great Renown Obtein'd
In many Battles by your Valour Gain'd,
Great *O S S E R T*, who by his Conduct wife,
Did oft by Stratagems, his Foes surprize

And hath as often beat them with his Sword;
Was the Eldest Son, of this most Noble *L O R D*.
But I my *HEROE* almost had forgot,
And th' next thing he Engag'd in was a *PLOT*.
To seize the *C R O W N*; and without doubt he who
So Great a Piece of Villany would do,
When he saw Time, wou'd have attempted too;
His *MA J E S T Y*; but failing of the prize,
About the Town he undiscover'd lies,
Harbour'd by some of's fellow Rogues, yet see
How few can scape concern'd in Villany,
In a short time, he apprehended was
And brav'd His *MA J E S T Y*, even to his Face
Yet when one wou'd, have thought he should have had;
Reward for's Villany; and have been made
Example to all Ages our good King,
Gave him his Life, (who long has strove to bring
Destruction on him,) and did him Restore,
To liberty, thinking he ne're wou'd more
Do any thing unjust again when loe;
His stirring Spirit, was not contented so,
For he Engages inth' Conspiracy,
To ruine th' Honour, Life, and Liberty,
Of a deserving Noble Honest Peer,
And had him brought, unto destruction near
But Divine providence for ever Blest:
Prevented this, as well as all the Rest
By th' coming in of some, that were concern'd
Which all your *PLOT*; into confusion turn'd,
At last our Famous *HEROE* Coronel *B L O O D*,
Seeing his Projects all will do no good,
And that Success was to him still deny'd,
Fell sick with Grief, broke his great Heart and dy'd.

The EPITAPH.

HERE Lies the Man, who boldly hath run through,
More Villanies then ever *ENGLAND* knew;
And nere to any Friend, he had was true,
Here let him then by all unpittied Lye,
And Let's Rejoyce his time was come to Dye.

F I N I S.